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SERIES

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A Chaplet from
the Greek Anthology

IN SAME SERIES.

THE LADY FROM THE SEA.
By Henrik Ibsen.

A LONDON PLANE TREE.
By Amy Levy.

IPHIGENIA IN DELPHI.
By R. Garnett, LL.D.

MIRÈIO: A Provençal Poem.
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LYRICS.
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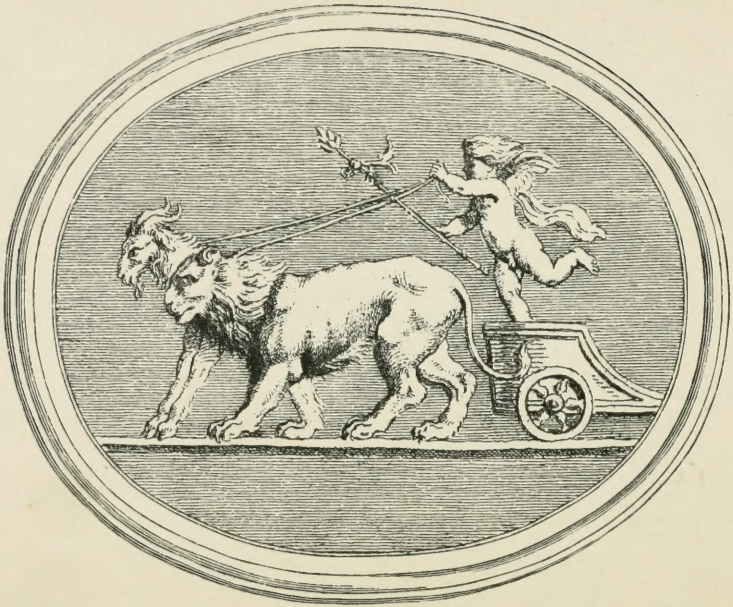
By Amy Levy.

CONCERNING CATS.
Edited by Mrs. Graham-Tomson.



Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι· χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ.
βαιὸς καὶ Παφίης ἔπλετο κοῦρος Ἔρως.

Anthologia graeca.

A Chaplet

from the Greek Anthology

by

RICHARD GARNETT.

CAMEO SERIES

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The Idylls which originally appeared along with the Epigrams in this little book will now be found appended to the author's "Iphigenia in Delphi: a Dramatic Poem," which is also published in the Cameo Series.

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Epigrams.

I.

HITHER, dear Muse, I pray, and with thee bear
A madrigal for Melite the fair,
Evil with good repaying ; for 'tis she
Who tempts me to oblivion of thee.

II.

The Muse invoked, whom next shall I address
To grant my strain both merit and success ?
May Phœbus melody, may Pallas sense,
And Bacchus geniality dispense ;
By Graces grace, passion by Venus be
Bestowed, the love of Nature, Pan, by thee ;

And last, without which all were not enough,
Vouchsafe, most potent Æolus, a puff.

III.

PAN.

Peace, wooded crags, and gushings from the hill
Of streams, and many-bleating flocks be still ;
For Pan is piping here with mellow strength,
Framing his moist lip to the various length
Of fitted reeds, while round him dancing move
The river's nymphs, the Dryads of the grove.

IV.

CUPID A SHEPHERD.

Thyrsis, who shepherds the Nymphs' flock, whose reed
Pan cannot with his own sweet skill exceed,
Oppressed with wine, lies slumbering by the brook,
While Cupid tends his charge with borrowed crook.

With speed, ye Nymphs, the imperilled flocks remove ;
For sad it were, if wolves should eat up Love.

V.

Young was I, when I saw fair Venus stand
Before me, leading in her lovely hand
Eros, whose drooping eye the herbage sought,
And thus, "Dear herdsman, let my child be taught
Music by thee," therewith she went away.
Then did I in all innocence essay
To teach, as though he would have learned of me,
The sources of sweet-flowing melody :—
Pan's pipe and Pallas' flute, how Hermes bade
The tortoise sing, and how Apollo made
The cittern. But, not heeding mine a whit,
He sang himself a song, and taught me it.
How Venus reigns, and all in heaven above
And land and sea is subject unto Love.
And I forgot all I to Love did tell,
But all he taught me I remember well.

VI.

CUPID A PLOUGHMAN.

Cupid, pert urchin, did himself unload
Of bow and torch, and quiver take and goad,
And bulls reluctant 'neath the yoke constrain,
And trace the furrow, and disperse the grain,
And looking up, "Good weather, Jove, or thou
Shalt be a bull again, and draw this plough."

VII.

A VINTAGE.

Singing elate we rhythmically trod
The heaped-up purples of the vineyard's God ;
Forth issues the red tide, and surging floats
Our bowls, transformed to Bacchus' mimic boats :
And merrily we quaff the grape-juice thence,
Nor needs its unfermented innocence
The Naiad's aid. But thou, more fair than she,
Bent o'er the vat, that blushed in mirroring thee,
With potency its sweetness didst inspire,
Mingling the Bacchic foam with Venus' fire.

Ah ! Bacchus to our vows gave ample scope,
But Venus mocked us with an airy hope.

VIII.

Vine that, not tarrying till the storm bereaves,
Strew'st on autumnal air thy glorious leaves,
Reserve them for her couch whom I await ;
Bacchus was ever Venus' willing mate.

IX.

Warble no more thy mellow melody,
Sweet Blackbird, from that knotty oaken tree,
But where the clambering vine her tendril weaves,
Come winging to the hospitable eaves,
And chant uncaged, for that, thy race's foe,
Fosters the birdlime-bearing mistletoe ;
But this the purple grape, so duly thine,
For Minstrelsy should ne'er be scant of Wine.

X.

Both thou and I alike, my Bacchic urn,
From clay are sprung, and must to clay return ;

But happier fate this day is mine and thine,
For I am full of life, and thou of wine ;
Our powers for mutual aid united be,
Keep thou me blithe, and flowing I'll keep thee.

XI.

A WINE-JAR FILLED WITH FLOUR.

Me whom the prudent potter did design
Receptacle for Adriatic wine,
Who filled with flour ? What could the motive be ?
Teetotalism or economy ?
Two Gods hast thou outraged, thou impious fellow :
Bacchus is dry, and sober Ceres mellow.

XII.

What churl, by evil chance or fell design,
Plucked this unmellowed cluster from the vine,
And flung it reckless on the road to lie
Half-eaten, trampled of each passer-by ?
Lycurgus' doom, avenging Bacchus, be
His, who slew gladness in its infancy,

Crushing what, spared for some auspicious day,
Had Song inspired, or Sorrow chased away.

XIII.

A FIG-TREE.

Democritus fig-loving shouldst thou see,
Bear him this message, traveller, from me :
The luscious fruit, maturely beautiful,
Weighs upon me, and waits for him to cull ;
But fence is none ; so, if he wish to taste,
'Tis fit that thou and he should both make haste.

XIV.

A DEAD PLANE OVERGROWN BY A VINE.

She whose weak growth I did erewhile sustain,
Makes a rich vine of me a withered plane ;
Wrapped in her mantling leaves profusely strown,
I scarce perceive that I have lost my own.
From her, O youth, whom early love endears,
Expect the solace of declining years.

XV.

Thou that canst summon sleep and care dispel,
Cricket, shrill Muse of regions arable,
Lyre-bodied lyrist, some glad carol give,
Smiting with feet thy pinions talkative ;
That for a while this breast may empty be
Of Care and Love, decoyed away by thee ;
And leek for thy repast I will provide,
And sphery dewdrops for thy cup divide.

XVI.

Not solely from the summer's sultry heat
Seek I in shady glades a cool retreat,
And sip up dew, and utter from the pine
Music unbought, the traveller's joy and mine ;
But on the shining point of Pallas' spear
I perch a warlike grasshopper ; for dear
As I to Muses, is to me the maid
Whose skill inventive first the flute essayed.

XVII.

Here brazen beaks, the galley's harness, lie,
Trophies of Actium's famed victory,

But bees have built within the hollow arms,
With honey filled, and blithe with buzzing swarms ;
Emblem of Cæsar's sway, that, calm and wise,
Culls fruits of peace from arms of enemies.

XVIII.

Close, Jove, the gates of the Olympian shrine,
Guard the aërial citadel divine ;
Earth and the Sea to Rome's dominion bow,
And heaven alone is wanting to her now.

XIX.

'Twixt good and ill my wavering fortune see
Swayed in capricious instability,
Most like the Moon, whose ceaseless wax and wane
Cannot two nights the self-same form retain :
Viewless at first, then a dim streak revealed,
Then slow augmenting to an argent shield ;
And when at length to fair perfection brought,
Diminishing and dwindling quite to nought.

XX.

I, rapt in scrutiny as Night unbars
The thick and mazy glories of the stars,
Though earth on Earth, no more am linked to her,
But sit in Jove's own hall a banqueter.

XXI.

Feasting I watch with westward-looking eye
The flashing constellations' pageantry,
Solemn and splendid ; then anon I wreathe
My hair, and warbling to my harp I breathe
My full heart forth, and know the heavens look down
Pleased, for they also have their Lyre and Crown.

XXII.

Thou eyest the stars, my Star? That mine might be
Yon host of starry eyes to bend on thee!

XXIII.

Fair herald of the morning's track,
Come, Phosphor, with the ray
Of Hesper soon, to lead her back
Whom now thou lead'st away.

XXIV.

A various wreath these hands have woven for thee ;
Dark violet and moist anemone,
Pliant narcissus, bloom of rosy bowers,
And lily, Rhodoclea. May the flowers
Thy lofty pride to lowlier thoughts persuade ;
Like thee they bloom, and thou like them must fade.

XXV.

Thee, happy rose, I freely send
To deck the tresses of my friend ;
When white they are, wreathed may they be
As now, but not too soon, by thee.
Go, dainty rose, by Venus blest
If thou my prayer rememberest.

XXVI.

I send thee myrrh, not that thou mayest be
By it perfumed, but it perfumed by thee.

XXVII.

Why, bee, thy flowers forsaking, dost thou rove
And light upon the bosom of my love?
Wouldst, honey-hoarding sting-bearer, express
That plenteous sweets, and much of bitterness
That bosom stores? If such thine errand, flee
Back to thy hive, too long 'tis known to me.

XXVIII.

Bee, whom all flowers make welcome to their sweet,
Why an adventurer here, with clinging feet
And busy trunk soliciting the lip
That I alone am privileged to sip?
Hence to thy hive, or stung thyself mayest be,
For Love has planted his own sting in me.

XXIX.

Fly swiftly, Gnat, and find Zenophile,
And breathe into her ear this word from me,

"Sleepless thy lover waits, and thou canst lie
Asleep?" Fly swiftly, mimic minstrel, fly:
But see that none of slumber thou bereave
Save her. This labour if thou dost achieve,
A lion's hide thy body shall adorn,
And in thy talons shall a club be borne.

XXX.

Deeply this seal is graven to declare
Love drawn by lions, a submissive pair.
The lash falls lightly on their necks, their pace
The curb controls, strength gives itself to grace.
When lions tamed to Cupid's yoke I see,
I quake to think what he can do with me.

XXXI.

CUPID A FUGITIVE.

Fair Venus seeks her son with anxious eyes,
Who close concealed within my bosom lies.
What can I do, who with like reverence own
The empire of the mother and the son?
If he remains, my breast no peace will know;
If I betray him, he becomes my foe.
Then, Cupid, stay, but ah! be not unkind,
For ne'er wilt thou a safer shelter find.

XXXII.

CUPID ASLEEP.

Thou who from sleep debarr'st each mortal eye,
Pernicious child, thyself asleep dost lie ;
No torch thou brandishest, no shaft doth go
Sped with sure aim from thine elastic bow.
Others take courage, I must fearful be
Lest sleeping, Cupid, thou dost dream of me.

XXXIII.

Friends, when I breathe no more (and 'tis well known
That I am principally skin and bone)
See that my urn this epitaph presents,
" Cupid to Pluto, with his compliments.

XXXIV.

" Why sad ? " " I am in love." " With whom ? " " A maid."
" Lovely, I trust." " So I myself persuade."
" Where met ye ? " " Feasting, 'neath a gay alcove
I saw her sit, and felt that I must love."

"How wooest thou?" "I scorn not any shifts,
But most confide in flatteries and in gifts."
"Thy suit is honourable?" "No." "A wife
Thou'lt make the fair at last?" "Not for my life.
She has not got one single groat to tell."
"Thou dost not love who reasonest so well."

XXXV.

Philænion's figure's naught, but crisp her brown
Hair as the parsley; and her cheek is down;
Music her voice; all grants she, nought demands;
Wherefore, great Venus, firm my purpose stands
To love her ever; or until I find
Another even more unto my mind.

XXXVI.

Call it not love when the delighted eye
Is lured by charms into captivity;
But when wild fires for weak attractions waste:
To pine for beauty is not love but taste.

XXXVII.

Swart is thy face and unrefined thy air ;
But love, Bitinna, and thou wilt be fair ;
As, touched by fire, the gloomy charcoal glows
With flush intense, more brilliant than the rose.

XXXVIII.

Simplicity is best, 'tis true,
But not in every mortal's power :
If thou, O maid, canst live on dew,
'Tis proof thou art indeed a flower.

XXXIX.

Wealth-carrying ships, the Hellespont that sail
Ægæan-ward with favourable gale,
If, passing Co's fair isolation, ye
Perceive my Phanion looking to the sea,
Say that, not winged by sails, or sped by oars,
But passion-urged, wayfaring by the shores,
I come her pilgrim. This report, and wend
Blown by swift winds to your desirèd end.

XL.

Shall I, who love not wine, essay the bowl?
Taste it but thou, and I will drain the whole,
And call it not enough; for if thou taste,
I cannot welcome with too thirsty haste
The blushing cup where still thy kisses live,
Giving to me what thou to it didst give.

XLI.

My fair barbarian speaks no Greek, of course,
Nor knows divinest Sappho from a horse;
Yet all the charms that Grecian bards extol
Are hers, save those pertaining to the soul.
What then in this dilemma shall I do,
Who have not, certes, Greek enough for two?
I'll tolerate the fault I can't remove,
And deem that Beauty is the Greek of Love.

XLII.

Thine eyes are dull, as though released they were
But late by Sleep, the mild imprisoner:
Thy cheeks their hue, their comeliness thy tost
Tresses, thy limbs their buoyancy have lost:

The languors or the longings thou dost prove
Of satisfied or of expectant Love.
If those depress, a happy man was he ;
If these enkindle, happy will he be.

XLIII.

Did my Ereutho love me? This to find
Desiring, I a happy wile designed.
A traveller, I said, beyond the sea
I go, but wilt thou sometimes think of me?
She started, trembled, wept, began to tear
Her cheek, the grape-like knotting of her hair
Unbound, and cried, O stay! Then I, as bent
By prayers, affected a constrained assent.
Was I not blest, who, what I most did crave,
Myself as a surpassing favour gave?

XLIV.

A witching smile my Eumenis endears,
But mightier is the magic of her tears.
But yesterday, from some unthought-of cloud
Came sudden gusts of sobs, her head was bowed
Low on my neck, and from her eyes' eclipse
Tears mingled with the meeting of our lips.

Why dost thou weep? Lest thou shouldst leave
me, dear.
It was a lie, but one I loved to hear.

XLV.

Heaven only knows, false fair, which of us both
More frequent mocks it with a fragile oath;
Thou swearing thou wilt never more deceive,
Or I that I will never more believe.

XLVI.

With awe, great Jove, I recognize
Resemblance in our destinies;
For Love, that all things can seduce,
Made thee a swan, and me a goose.

XLVII.

I pray thee, Moon, whose venerable eye
Beholds all secrets both of earth and sky,
If, at this hour nocturnal, one be prest
To that most fair and false deceiver's breast,
Endymion's sleep be his, nor do thou, Moon,
Awake him as thou didst Endymion.

XLVIII.

The light I thrice have lit with amorous pains,
So late she lingers, to the socket wanes ;
Another night to fruitless watch is given,
Another perjury has scoffed at Heaven.
Expiring flame, how happy would it be
Could my fond passion disappear with thee !

XLIX.

O Love that flew so lightly to my heart,
Why are thy wings so feeble to depart ?

L.

Great goose the painter was, upon my word,
Who Cupid first portrayed with wings. A bird
He knew perchance to paint, but 'tis great odds
His skill forsook him when he sketched the Gods.
Not light is Love, but far the heaviest ill,
Nor doth he fly at all, or ever will
Depart when entertained, but firmly clings.
How can a creature of this sort have wings ?

LI.

CUPID IN LOVE.

Why weep'st thou, Eros, heart-seducer, say?
Why are thy bow and arrows cast away?
Why droop thy wings thus rueful? Ha! I see.
Doris has made a prisoner of thee;
And now instructs thee by thy proper smart
How very mischievous a thing thou art.

LII.

Eros, I pray thee to remove
Or else divide my pain;
Either forbid me more to love,
Or make me loved again.

LIII.

Love, if thou bear'st a torch too tame
Both me and Medo to inflame,
The fire that in this bosom glows
Either extinguish or transpose.

LIV.

'Tis highly rational, we can't dispute,
That Love, being naked, should promote a suite:
But doth not oddity to him attach,
Whose fire's so oft extinguished by a match?

LV.

Why made ye, Gods, proud Rhodope so fair,
Who greets my salutation with a stare?
By whom the wreath I wove for her is torn
Down from her doors, and trampled on with scorn.
But hasten, wrinkles and grey hairs, for ye
Better than I can plead with Rhodope.

LVI.

Be not too timorous, youth, nor strive to merit
Thy mistress' favour by a broken spirit;
Lift up thine eyes, boldly thy fair survey;
Yea, turn them, now and then, the other way:
For woman, though with glee abashing pride,
Delights not less the abject to deride;
And best may he subdue her to his bent
Who is both humble and impertinent.

LVII.

The hunter, Epicydes, will not spare
To follow on the trace of fawn and hare
Through snow and frost, so long as still they fly;
But if one say, "'Tis hit," he passes by.
Even so my love, winged for no willing prize,
Follows what flees, and flees what fallen lies.

LVIII.

THE SEA-VENUS.

Not vast this shrine, where by wet sand I sit
Ruling the sea that surges up to it;
But dear, for much I love submissive sea,
And much the mariner preserved by me:
Entreat her then, whose smile thy speed can prove
On the wild waves of Ocean and of Love.

LIX.

TO VENUS ON A VOYAGE.

That the tamed sea a tranquil path may prove
To pleasant safety in the arms of Love,
I pour the prayer I doubly owe to thee,
Mother of Love, and daughter of the sea.

LX.

THE DRESDEN VENUSES.

Thou, Goddess, lulled by Titian to repose,
Art like the deep whence erst thy form arose
When wave on wave in slumbering stillness lies,
And one smooth surface glasses the great skies.
But thou by Palma limned art like the free
And blithe awaking of the early sea
When myriad sunbeams strike the unshielded main,
And myriad dimplings laugh them back again.
This with allurement, that with awe delights ;
As sweetly this forbids as that invites ;
Had these contended on the Idæan hill,
The Dardan's prize had been disputed still.

LXI.

THE VENUS OF CNIDOS, BY PRAXITELES.

Juno and Pallas here surveyed
The form Praxiteles had made,
And thereupon, although 'twas hard,
Confirmed the Phrygian's award.

LXII.

ON THE SAME.

To Paris, at the dread command of Jove,
To Adon, at the soft behest of Love,
Fair Venus gave her limbs disrobed to see;
But at whose voice, Praxiteles, to thee?

LXIII.

THE NIOBE OF PRAXITELES.

Gods made me stone, a living woman first:
Praxiteles the miracle reversed.

LXIV.

Satyr, whose listening ear so low is bent,
Breathes with spontaneous strain thine instrument?
Smiling and silent thou remainest bound
In silvery fetters of delightful sound;
For sure that lifelike figure here doth dwell,
Fixed not by Painting's, but by Music's spell.

LXV.

Behold the strangest thing that ever was;
A speaking likeness of Pythagoras.

LXVI.

ON A GEM ENGRAVED WITH A HERD OF CATTLE.

Can mortal skill, unaided, serve to place
A herd so numerous in such narrow space?
Can mortal be the kine I here behold
Grazing on gems within a fence of gold?

LXVII.

ON THE SAME.

Fear not, thy kine will not forsake thy gem;
But bless the setting that prohibits them.

LXVIII.

A CUPID CARVED ON A SHELL.

Justly he wrought whose craft has carved so well
Young Cupid couched in me, an ocean shell;
For, Venus, hadst thou ne'er from ocean strayed,
Thy infant's pearly cradle I had made.
Praise then to him who came where, mantling me,
Streamed the long weedy tresses of the sea,
The rift explored, the path to earth retrod,
And paid me for an oyster with a God.

LXIX.

A BATH.

To lave their limbs the Graces three
Erst in Arcadia fashioned me,
Therefore I have but room for three.
For that which Grace her own doth call,
Cannot too great be or too small.

LXX.

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING ON A STATUE OF MEDEA.

Build not, fond swallow, on that breast of stone ;
Will she preserve thy brood who slew her own?

LXXI.

THE OFFERING OF LAIS.

Venus, from Lais, once as fair as thou,
Receive this mirror, useless to me now ;
For what despoiling Time hath made of me
I will not, what he marred I cannot, see.

LXXII.

THE OFFERING TO LAIS.

These withered rendings of brow-wreathing rose ;
These shattered cups, where no more foams and flows
Wine's strength ; this tress of myrrh-anointed hair ;
Lais, from Anaxagoras' despair
Take, laid in dust before thee, emblems fit
Of his desire, and what he had from it.
For, at thy gate with friends much revelling,
No word, no look, no promise could he wring
From thee, and with a curse doth now depart,
Leaving these spoils of broken health and heart.

LXXIII.

A ninefold scroll of amorous poesy,
Agathias, Venus, consecrates to thee.
The Muses blest, but Love inspired his strains,
Therefore do thou accept them. For his pains
He prays that unto him it may befall
Or to love happily or not at all.

LXXIV.

Ye gave me, Muses, skill to touch the string,
But Venus solely doth your servant sing ;
Shall then this lyre my piety confers
Be dedicated at your shrine, or hers ?

THE ANSWER.

Minstrel, on Melite bestow thy boon ;
For she is Venus and the Muse in one.

LXXV.

My wreath, my hair, my girdle gratefully
To Venus, Pallas, Dian offered be.
By whose concurring favour I enjoy
My wedded bliss, my chastity, my boy.

LXXVI.

I, Nautilus, of late the Zephyr's shell,
Come, Venus, in thy treasury to dwell,
Selene's gift, the first her youth has made.
No more shall I, my living canvas spread,
Skim the rough sea before the impelling gale,
Or oar it with my feet, when calms prevail ;

No more my pearly home shall be possest
By thee, intruding Halycon, for a nest ;
For, to Iulis' strand by billows borne,
Thy shrine, Arsinoe, henceforth I adorn ;
But Clinias' daughter prosper thou, for she,
Skilful in Smyrna's art, hath polished me.

LXXVII.

Venus, at Rhodo's prayer this stick, and these
Sandals, the spoil of sage Posochares ;
This dirty leather flask, this wallet torn,
Suffer thy sanctuary to adorn :
Trophies not rich but glorious, for they prove
Philosophy's subjection unto Love.

LXXVIII.

Nicarete, whom all men did conceive
Vowed to Minerva's tasks, to spin and weave,
With wheel and wool to Venus' altar came,
And made a happy bonfire of the same ;
And, "Perish," cried, "ungenial toils, which slay
Beauty, and hunger cannot keep away ;"
And garlanded her hair, and luting went
From house to house with joyous instrument,
Praying, "Dear Venus, prosper thou my pains,
And thou shalt be a partner of my gains."

LXXIX.

I, an enamoured doctor, fain would give,
Venus, to thee a generous donative
That fair Callistrata thou might'st incline
To cease from maiden coyness, and be mine;
But sickness hath not much prevailed of late,
And I perceive with grief my purse's weight
Sorts with my liberal intent but ill:
Wherefore I pray that thou wouldst take a pill.

LXXX.

Venus, receive my scarf; nor think it scorn
To wear what Myrto frequently hath worn.
My liberal piety thou well dost know,
And wottest I would willingly bestow
The newest and most costly robe I claim,
Would Clearista only do the same.
Chastise her then, great Goddess, as is meet.
For me and mine thy favour I entreat;
And take my gift, and may all good befall;—
'Tis not so very shabby after all.
And now I look at it, the truth to speak,
I think I'll wear it yet another week.

LXXXI.

I, Bacchanal Eurynome, to roam
The mountain wont, and bulls to overcome,
Who rent the lion, and with wild delight
Tossed the fierce head that could no more affright,
Now to thee, Bacchus (pardon !) all on fire
With Venus, and forsaking thy desire,
Suspend my clubs, and ivy-wreaths that graced
My wrists resign, with gold to be replaced.

LXXXII.

I, Achrylis, the priestess, wont to be
First in the frantic rites of Cybele,
Showering my tress where many a piny torch
Blazed on the yelling train, here at the porch
Of her rude mountain-shrine my hair suspend,
For here exhausted frenzy found an end.

LXXXIII.

Most ancient Saturn, Deity sublime
Of endless and inexorable Time,
I tempt thee not with gifts to be my friend,
For nought can thee appease, or aught offend ;
Nor needs it any sacrifice to bring
To thee, who of thyself tak'st everything.

LXXXIV.

Eudoxus hath his hair an offering made ;
With laurel, Phœbus, be his brows repaid.

LXXXV.

His nets and snares the fowler Meidon gives,
And birdlimed rods, the tools by which he lives :
The humble gift more liberal wouldst thou see ;
Send him, great Phœbus, more prosperity.

LXXXVI.

Aceson, Æsculapius, has paid
The vow which for Demodoce he made ;
Shouldst thou, oblivious, claim a second fee,
This tablet will refresh thy memory.

LXXXVII.

AN ALTAR JOINTLY CONSECRATED TO MERCURY AND HERCULES.

Ye who along this rural path proceed,
If from the country to the town ye speed,

Or *vice versâ*, to my speech attend.
I, Hermes, and he, Hercules, befriend
Your road. That this with offerings ye requite
Is wholly reasonable, meet, and right.
Would with each other we as well agreed!
But he, I blush to state, doth so exceed,
And gormandizes in such monstrous sort,
That I, a modest deity, come short.
He hath his way entirely; how can I
The conqueror of Cerberus defy?
I pray ye then that ye would not be loth
Yourselves to part your gifts between us both;
Alcmena's son prohibiting from carving,
And Maia's child delivering from starving.

LXXXVIII.

Hermes, on this Tallæan mount enshrined,
Take Menas' offering with propitious mind;
And all that prosperous is to him decree
Who of his well-earned wealth imparts to thee.
Ere yet of his loved wife bereft, with her
Hither he came, an annual worshipper;
Now she is dust, and sorrow for her sake
Did him remiss, and thee neglected make.

But lessoned now, he, mindful of thy dues,
The omitted rite with twofold gifts renews :
Thou in thy turn with happiness and health
Reward, since Menas' weal is Hermes' wealth.

LXXXIX.

Poseidon, and all Ocean-deities,
Lucilius, 'scaped from shipwreck on the seas,
Doth dedicate to ye who bade him live
His hair, for nothing else is left to give.

XC.

I, trident-wielding curber of the sea,
Desire, Icthybius, a word with thee.
Deem'st thou accepted offerings to make
Of spiny thornback and insipid hake,
Who turbots draw'st and mullets from the brine,
As grateful to my palate as to thine ?
Dost thou imagine Neptune cannot tell
What fishes are and are not eatable ?
If thou defraud'st my table for thine own,
Thou art a rogue whom it were meet to drown.
If thou conceiv'st my throat is made of brass,
Thou dost therein approve thyself an ass.

XCI.

Priapus, whom the fisherman's belief
Holds patron of the rock and ragged reef,
This crab, which in his wicker lost its way,
Paris devotes to thee—that is to say,
The shell—for all the rest he did presume
In his own hungry entrails to entomb.
If thou desirest to partake his dish
Henceforward, let him henceforth catch more fish.

XCII.

To Hermes, guardian of each gainful trade,
This offering from the fisher's stores be made:
My net, that hath so many a fish undone;
Reed, hair, and hook, three stratagems in one;
The lead that weights, the cork that buoys the line,
The wicker-woven basket-trap; in fine
All wiles I used the unwary fish to hem,
And all the colds I caught in catching them.

XCIII.

His pastoral crook, of old his stay and pride,
Daphnis, the minstrel-shepherd, lays aside:

On rural Pan the offering he bestows,
Token of ages frailty and repose.
Still can I pipe, still with clear voice proclaim
All is not faint in this decrepid frame :
Yet to the wolves, that haunt the mountain-side,
Say not why Daphnis lays his crook aside.

XCIV.

Bee-keeping Cleiton seeks, great Pan, thy dome,
Fraught with a mass of golden honeycomb,
From flowery meads, where erst its sweets were bred,
Browsed by the airy flock unshepherded.
Be the brisk swarms innumerable made,
And all their store ambrosia, by thy aid !

XCV.

Naiads, your frog, hoarse minstrel of a strain
Aquatic, leaping lover of the rain,
Imaged in brass, I dedicate, well-pleased,
To you, in gratitude for thirst appeased.
Faint was I wandering, when the welcome croak
Loud from a nigh sequestered hollow broke,
And, following the inviting voice, I found
The twinkling spring clear-welling from the ground.

XCVI.

Shaker of earth and sovereign of the sea,
I, Crantas, dedicate my bark to thee ;
Which oft I deemed in my affrighted mind
Would bear me, winged with storm and wandering wind,
To Hades, but instead hath brought me here,
Where now I dwell, forgetting hope and fear.

XCVII.

The crooked bow and arrow-spending case
Promachus hangs up in this holy place,
Phœbus, to thee. The shafts remain apart,
For each is buried in a foeman's heart.

XCVIII.

Avert the share, restrain the steer,
O husbandman that ploughest here ;
The ground where warriors rest 'tis meet
To sow with tears instead of wheat.

XCIX.

A MARBLE LION, CARVED ON LEON'S TOMB.

Among all living things the palm I claim
Of courage. If my nature and my name
Had not been his upon whose tomb I sit,
Thou hadst not seen me, stranger, guarding it.

C.

A FAMILY TOMB.

Me for his household reared Androtion :
As yet I am the sepulchre of none.
Long be it so ! but when I must be sought,
May all in order of their age be brought.

CI.

Learn from me, traveller who passest here,
This tomb holds nothing that deserves thy tear
One wife I had, with her attained to eld,
Three children gave in marriage, oft have held

Their children on my knees, till lulled they slept,
Nor death of any, nor disease have wept ;
But all the last due rites have fondly paid,
And to its rest dismissed my tranquil shade.

CII.

Kind Earth, accord within thy peaceful breast
Amyntichus, thy benefactor, rest :
The good old man, who bade the olive crown,
And vine empurple thee, and corn embrown ;
And, channelling the conduit, gave thee thence
Of herbs and fruits delicious affluence.
Light lie upon him, and his grave who made
Thee verdant, with thy verdure be repaid.

CIII.

I who have laid me here among the dead
Am Aretemias, to Euphron wed ;
As lovely twins were taken from my side,
I, by the Fates' allotment, sank and died,
One leaving, to console my husband's grief ;
One bringing hither, for my own relief.

CIV.

My funeral-shaft, and marble shapes that dwell
Beside it, and sad urn, receptacle
Of all I am, salute who seek my tomb,
If from my own, or other cities come ;
And say to them, a bride I hither came,
Tenos my country, Baucis was my name.
Say also, this inscription for her friend
Erinna, handmaid of the Muses, penned.

CV.

For Crethis' store of tales and pleasant chat
Oft sigh the Samian maidens, missing that
Which cheered their tasks, but she, beyond their call,
Sleeps here the sleep that must be slept by all

CVI.

I, whom the simple tombstone covers thus,
At five years died, the child Callimachus ;
And hence, by Heaven's benign appointment know
Few of man's days, and little of his woe.

CVII.

Charon, whose bark, in Stygian reeds bestowed,
Bides the assembling of its ghostly load,
Stretch forth thine hand, and yield a kindly aid
To Cinyras's child, a helpless shade :
For loose his sandals, and he fears to stand
Barefooted on the margin's clammy sand.

CVIII.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN A TOMB.

Worn with old age and penury, nor thence
Rescued by any man's beneficence,
Into this tomb with tottering steps I past,
And hardly here found leave to rest at last.
Usage for most doth after death provide
Interment, I was buried ere I died.

CIX.

Sodamus perished in mid sea, who was
Chief among Cretan fishers ; but alas
At times the sea is mad, and doth not then
Nicely discriminate 'twixt fishermen.

CX.

Tumultuous sea, whose wrath and foam are spent
So nigh to Eumares' worn monument ;
Spare if thou wilt and shatter if thou must,
For nothing shalt thou find but bones and dust.

CXI.

Was life on land not short enough for thee,
But, Cleonicus, thou must tempt the sea ?
To Thasos, bringing wealth of Syrian wares,
Sailing thou camest with the wintry stars ;
And when the Pleiads merged their sevenfold gem,
Thou sankest to the grey abyss with them.

CXII.

O happy swain, I would that unto me
Who roamed rude Ocean, the felicity
Of shepherd's crook and carol had been known
Ere yet I came a corpse by Eurus blown
To these delightful shores, where thou, most blest,
Thy snowy flock serenely pasturest.

CXIII.

Not to earth solely is my corpse confined,
Nor yet entirely to the sea resigned :
Fishes devoured my flesh, my bones are flung
Blanching to lie these dreary rocks among.

CXIV.

Me whom to land the pitying billow bore,
It stripped not of the humble dress I wore ;
But he who found me dead did not disdain
Such great pollution for such little gain.
May the filched garment cleave unto his shade,
And Minos see him in my spoils arrayed !

CXV.

If from compassion thou hadst buried me,
The Gods had recompensed thy piety :
But since it was my murdered corpse to hide,
Like sepulture for thee may they provide.

CXVI.

My epitaph must make it clear
An admiral lies buried here :—
Crispinus, mighty among men,
And old Ravenna's citizen ;

Which fact entitles me to hope
Thou wilt not rashly interlope,
And less illustrious dust bestow
In this my tomb ; for, doing so,
Thou wouldst extremely vex my mind ;
And what is more, thou wouldst be fined.

CXVII.

"Charidas here ?" "If thou who askest this
Inquirest for Arimma's son, he is."
"Where art thou ?" "In the dark." "Can any pass
To earth ?" "No." "Any Pluto ?" "No." "Alas !"
"'Tis truth I tell, but wouldst thou lend thine ear
Rather to fond delusions, we have beer."

CXVIII.

ON A MAN OF FEW WORDS.

Brief was his speech, and brief shall be my song.
"Theris ; Aristo's son ; of Crete." Too long.

CXIX.

ON ARCHILOCHUS, THE SATIRIC POET.

Here sleeps, whose satire could the living goad
To shun its venom in the shades' abode.
Stern warder, from Hell's portal ne'er remove,
Lest that fierce pen should drive the dead above.

CXX.

MELEAGER.

Tyre brought me up, who born in thee had been,
Assyrian Athens, city Gadarene ;
My name is Meleager, Eucrates
My sire, my skill with graceful strains to please ;
My Syrian lineage do not discommend,
One world have all, one origin, one end ;
Stricken in years, I yet can touch the string,
And this unto the tomb, my neighbour, sing ;
Salute my garrulous old age, and be
Thine own what now thou honourest in me.

CXXI.

ALCMAN.

Had I, my Sardian home, been reared in thee,
A cymbal-clashing eunuch I should be,
Or craftsman ; but now far my fame is spread,
Alcman, of Sparta many-tripoded
Illustrious burgher, to whom Muses show
Treasures more rich than Lydian monarchs know.

CXXII.

EPITAPH ON A FOWLER.

Now may the swiftly-winging bird return,
And sit in peace upon this pleasant plane ;
Pimander now is ashes in his urn,
Nor here will lift his limy rods again.

CXXIII.

ON A PET LEVERET.

Torn from my mother's breast was I while yet
A feeble, unsuspecting leveret,
But Phanion's arms soon taught me to forget
My loss, her nimble, frisky, long-eared pet.

What lavish fare her fondness did provide!
Alas! it was too lavish, and I died.
But she inters me here, her couch beside,
And in her dreams her playmate I abide.

CXXIV.

TO A CAT WHICH HAD KILLED A FAVOURITE BIRD.

O cat in semblance, but in heart akin
To canine raveners, whose ways are sin;
Still at my hearth a guest thou dar'st to be?
Unwhipt of Justice, hast no dread of me?
Or deem'st the sly allurements shall avail
Of purring throat and undulating tail?
No! as to pacify Patroclus dead
Twelve Trojans by Pelides' sentence bled,
So shall thy blood appease the feathery shade,
And for one guiltless life shall nine be paid.

CXXV.

His fellow-boxers to their friend,
Apis, for eminent desert:
For oft he did with them contend,
And never any of them hurt.

CXXVI.

Priapus, by devout Actemon placed
Protector of his garden's weedy waste,
Warns all disposed to search its bounds for pelf
That there is nought to steal, except himself.

CXXVII.

ON A COURTESAN NAMED EUROPA.

Just at a drachm prescription rates the charms
Of kind Europa's widely-open arms.
Rivals are none ; a couch she will provide
Gratis ; and, if 'tis cold, a fire beside.
Jove, when her sweets so easy 'twas to cull,
Thou wert an ass to make thyself a bull.

CXXVIII.

ON A MERCENARY BEAUTY.

Golden the hive, and yet 'tis true
Bees wrought it not from gold, but dew.
Dewy thy kiss, and yet 'tis told,
Its birth is not from dew, but gold.

CXXIX.

They say that thou dost tinge (O monstrous lie !)
The hair that thou so raven-black didst buy.

CXXX.

She buys her hair, and from that fact alone
'Tis evident that it must be her own.

CXXXI.

ON AN INANIMATE ACTRESS.

Thou hast a score of parts not good,
But two divinely shown :
Thy Daphne a true piece of wood,
Thy Niobe a stone.

CXXXII.

Menodotis's portrait here is kept :
Most odd it is
How very like to all the world, except
Menodotis.

CXXXIII.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS GORILLA.

The gift by Nature boon supplied
This pair unequally divide :
The traveller's tale is far from small,
The monkey has no tail at all.

CXXXIV.

Erixenus with me wars to the knife,
And never will forgive me in his life :
And yet the man is kind, I know full well,
Not sour, malicious, or implacable :
And, had I injured him, I do believe,
He had not been reluctant to forgive :
But Fate perverse so orders it, you see,
That 'tis Erixenus has injured me.

CXXXV.

"*PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING.*"

Stern Cynicus doth war austerely wage
With endive, lentils, chicory and sage ;

Which shouldst thou thoughtless proffer,
"Wretch," saith he,
"Wouldst thou corrupt my life's simplicity?
Yet is not his simplicity so great
But that he can digest a pomegranate;
And peaches, he esteems, right well agree
With Spartan fare and sound philosophy.

CXXXVI.

By dealings hateful to an honest man,
Poor Rufus swells to rich Rufinian:
Which sounding style might well expanded be,
Nor yet proportioned to his roguery.

CXXXVII.

Fortune advanced thee that all might aver
That nothing is impossible to her.

CXXXVIII.

Our master, Meleager, he who framed
The first Anthology and daintiest,
Mated each minstrel with a flower, and named
For each the blossom that beseemed him best.
'Twas then as now; garlands were somewhat rare,
Candidates many: one in doleful strain

Lamented thus, "This is a sad affair,
How shall I face my publisher again?
Lacking some emblem suitable for me,
My book's undone; I shall not sell a copy."
"Take courage, son," quoth Phœbus, "there must be
Somewhere or other certainly a poppy."

CXXXIX.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

My friend and I did faithfully agree,
He to extol all I wrote, I all he:
Now he has writ a satire against me.
Resolve me, Phœbus, what am I to do;
Can I retort, yet to my bond be true?
Aye, son, abuse him well, Apollo says,
Panegyric from thee were sore dispraise.

CXL.

Be this poor scribbler, Muse, thy care,
And grant to him the only prayer
That at thy shrine he ever said:
Give me this day my daily bread.

CXLI.

TIME AND THE POET.

P. List my petition, Time, though fellest foe
Of all that sings and scribbles here below.
Ere yet my name and fame be wholly gone
The road returnless of Oblivion :
Ere yet to moths and grubs my scroll shall give
Diet insipid and innutritive,
Or mildewed moulder, or to dust be changed,
Read me but once, and I shall be avenged.
T. To Sleep, methinks, thy prayer 'twere best to make ;
And even he is far too wide awake.

CXLII.

In spite of hints, in spite of looks,
Titus, I send thee not my books.
The reason, Titus, canst divine ?
I fear lest thou shouldst send me thine.

CXLIII.

Fired with the thirst of Fame, thus honest Sam,
"I will arise and write an epigram."
An epic, Sam, more glorious still would be,
And much more easily achieved by thee.

CXLIV.

For a reputed victory, which (alas !)
In truth but a strategic movement was,
Rome filled her roadways with rejoicing flame,
Roasted whole oxen, and ate up the same.
But one who did these streets perambulate
Met Victory's self in sorrowful estate,
Weeping, with soiled and draggled wing. Then he,
Expound, fair stranger, thy calamity.
She, with a sob, And must I not complain,
Whom that huge rogue Patricius did gain ?

CXLV.

A starry seer's oracular abodes
One sought, to know if he should sail for Rhodes,
When thus the sage, "I rede thee, let thy ship
Be new, and choose the summer for thy trip ;
Safe then thou'lt leave, and safe regain this spot,
If those confounded pirates catch thee not."

CXLVI.

Eubule, craving Heaven's will to know,
Would poise a pebble. Wished she to hear *no*,

The stone was ponderous past all belief;
If *yes*, 'twas lighter than a withered leaf.
And, did the divination prove at fault,
"Phœbus," she'd say, "thou art not worth thy salt."

CXLVII.

Sturdy Tom Paine, biographers relate,
Once with his friends engaged in warm debate.
Said they, "Minorities are always right;"
Said he, "The truth is just the opposite."
Finding them stubborn, "Frankly now," asked he,
"In this opinion do ye all agree;
All, every one, without exception?" When
They thus affirmed unanimously, "Then
Correct," he said, "my sentiment must be,
For I myself am the minority."

CXLVIII.

A patient, sick to death, and very sad,
A comforter in his physician had.
"Your liver's wrong, I grant you, but your heart
Is sound, and surely that's the nobler part;

In your hale lungs no symptom can I see
Either of phthisis or of pleurisy ;
Your head is clear, you know what you're about ;
Your temperance exempts you from the gout ;
And, were it not for one disorder small
Which you *have* got, you need not die at all."

CXLIX.

The nobles of a great Imperial court,
Aggrieved that mortals of inferior sort
In rides and drives should on them throng and press,
Appealed unto the Emperor for redress.
"Let each ride with his equals," thus they prayed,
Propounding how this rule might be obeyed,
By a nice plan, all ready cut and dried.
"One thing have ye forgotten to provide,"
The monarch said, "with whom am *I* to ride?"

CL.

A miser in his chamber saw a mouse,
And cried dismayed, "What dost thou in my house?"
She with a laugh, "Good landlord, have no fear,
'Tis not for board but lodging I come here."

CLI.

A MISER COMMENDED.

Great soul! who nobly thus allots his pelf;
All to his heir and nothing to himself.

CLII.

"I hardly ever ope my lips," one cries;
"Simonides, what think you of my rule?"
"If you're a fool, I think you're very wise;
If you are wise, I think you are a fool."

CLIII.

Wouldst thou, my friend, essay the Muse, thou well
Thy Martial's strain might'st equal or excel;
But, tender to a fault of my renown,
Thou art, Cyrenius, cruel to thine own.
So Maro, conscious of his might, forbore
Flaccus on lyric pinions to outsoar,
And, for the sake of Varius, seemed to scorn
The buskin he more worthily had worn.
Gifts, honour, service, friend from friend may claim,
But rare his friendship who resigns his fame.

CLIV.

Daphne, eluding Phœbus' flame,
Remained the laurel she became ;
For poets, observation proves,
Prefer their laurels to their loves.

CLV.

Honey and milk are sacrifice for thee,
Kind Hermes, inexpensive deity.
But Hercules demands a sheep each day
For holding—as he says—the wolf at bay.
Imports it much, meek browsers of the sod,
Whether the beast devour you, or the God ?

CLVI.

The praise of cultured taste accrues to thee
Dainty, wealth-quelling, slipshod deity,
Patrician Gout, who, thinking it great scorn
Save by the feet of others to be borne,
And curious in rare scents, and knowing wel
What draughts are exquisitely potable,
Shunn'st the abodes of poverty and health,
And knock'st imperious at the gate of wealth.

CLVII.

Our undertaker with his acid phiz
A grim, austere, sardonic fellow is.
And, save for business' sake, was never heard
By any mortal man to speak a word.
Yet Bacchus, Venus, and the Graces three,
Have no such potent advocate as he.

CLVIII.

A FROG WROUGHT IN A SILVER CUP.

View in me, exiled from my native bog,
That rare phenomenon, a silent frog :
Nor leap I now, but here contented cling,
The silver tenant of a ruby spring ;
Bacchus o'er me his potent flood doth pour,
Yet am I sober as I was before.
He who embossed me here designed, I think,
A precept to teetotallers to drink ;
Showing the cup may well consistent be
With peace, politeness, and sobriety.

CLIX.

Amid all Triads let it be confest
The Chase, the Feast, the Song compose the best,

So aptly linked a mutual aid to lend
To life's enjoyment, their concurrent end.
The chase provides what doth to feasts belong ;
The banquet prompts and animates the song ;
The song, resounding with a twofold grace,
Cheers the repast, and celebrates the chase.

CLX.

To-morrow, dearest Piso, one will come
To lead thee to a philosophic home,
Where, Epicurus's disciples, we
Observe our master's anniversary.
Song have we, and sincerity of soul,
But look not, Piso, for the Chian bowl,
Or sumptuous dishes, or aught exquisite,
Except thine own urbanity and wit.

CLXI.

THE ECLECTIC.

Philosopher, whom dost thou most affect
Stoics austere, or Epicurus' sect ?
Friend, 'tis my grave infrangible design
With those to study, and with these to dine.

CLXII.

Thou art in danger, Cincius, on my word,
To die ere thou hast lived, which were absurd.
Open thy ears to song, thy throat to wine,
Thy arms unto that pretty wife of thine.
Philosophy, I have nowise forgot,
Is deathless, but philosophers are not.

CLXIII.

Come, sitting by this tesselated board,
Essay the joys its clattering dice afford.
But not elated, or dejected be,
If high or low the cast vouchsafed to thee.
By throws the thoughts not seldom we descry,
And wisdom's depth is fathomed by a die.

CLXIV.

A FIELD.

Cleon's I was, to Cleitophon was sold ;
Another's soon ; soon will another hold
What each calls his ; but the pure truth to say
Fortune's I am and I shall be alway.

CLXV.

All mortal things from mortals glide,
And they from all that doth abide.

CLXVI.

Life is a shadow—not the shade
Of aught that stable may be made—
But of a bird that wings the skies,
And with its flight the shadow flies.

CLXVII.

I loved, who not? I drank, who doth not know
Wine's joys? I raved, the Gods would have it so.
But love and wine adieu, for now my tress
Whitens with Gaiety's hoar monitress.
'Twas well to sport, and well it is to see
When gravity befits, and grave to be.

Notes.

X.—Suggested by the pretty couplet of Zonas (Anth. Palat. xi. 43):

Δός μοι τοὐκ γαίης πεπονημένον ἀδὺ κύπελλον,
ἄς γενόμην, καὶ ὑφ' ᾧ κείσομ' ἀποφθίμενος.

XVI.—"Ejusmodi Minervæ imago an alicubi occurrat, ignoro."—*Jacobs.* It must have been extant in the time of Leonidas, or the epigram would have had no propriety. The reason of the representation, however, would not be that assigned by the poet, but the common connection of Pallas and the tettix with the Athenians; the former being the patron deity of Attica, and the latter the symbol of the alleged autochthonous origin of the inhabitants.

XVIII.—These lines were written about the time of Augustus.

XIX.—A fragment of one of the lost plays of Sophocles. The speaker is Menelaus.

XXI.—*Their Lyre and Crown:* i.e., the constellations so called. We have not attempted to translate *οὐδ' ἄλλων λὰξ ἐβάρυνα χορούς.*

XXIII.—The same planet being alternately the morning and the evening star.

XXVI.—"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."

BEN JONSON, *Song to Celia.*

XXXI.—This version is from the pen of the late Rev. Richard Garnett.

XLI.—Imitated from Philodemus (Anth. Palat. v. 132):

Εἰ ὁ ὑπικὴ καί φλωρὰ, καὶ οὐκ ἄδονσα τὰ Σαπφοῦς,
καὶ Περσεὺς Ἰνδῆς ἠράσατ' Ἀνδρομέδης.

XLIV.—*It was a lie.* This view of the matter is not distinctly expressed in the original, but is certainly implied.

XLVI.—Εἰ γὰρ Ζεὺς κύκνος, ἐγὼ κόρνδος.—*Antiphilus* (Anth. Palat. v. 307).

XLIX.—The concluding couplet only. The entire epigram is thus rendered by Milman:

"Still Love's sweet voice is trembling in mine ears,
Still silent flow mine eyes with Love's sweet tears;
Nor night nor day I rest; by magic spells
Stamped on my soul the well-known image dwells.
O Love! how swift thy flight to reach the heart!
Thy wings are only powerless to depart."

L.—A fragment from the "Kampylion" of the comic poet Eubulus. It is thus elegantly paraphrased by Cumberland:

"Why, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove.
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
If he can fly—oh! bid him fly from me!"

LXIV.—"The subject is a picture of a faun holding his pipe to his ear and smiling at its imagined music."—*Wright.*

LXV.—Pythagoras enjoined five years' silence on his disciples.

LXVI.—This and the following are imitated from the same epigram of Plato, or perhaps of Polemon, king of Pontus, as there is hardly the slightest variation between the pieces respectively ascribed to them on this subject.

LXVIII.—Suggested by the elegant and anonymous epigram on the same subject, Anth. Palat. ix. 325 :

Πρίν μὲν ἁλικλύστου πέτρας ἐνὶ βένθεσιν ἧμαν
εὐαλδὲς πόντου φῦκος ἀπαινυμένα
νῦν δέ μοι ἱμερόεις κόλπων ἔντοσθεν ἰαύει
λάτρις ἐϋστεφάνου Κύπριδος ἁβρὸς Ἔρως.

LXXI.—The ambiguity of the word *saurais* has enabled Voltaire to imitate this famous epigram with a felicity unattainable in English :

"Je le donne à Vénus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle ;
Il redouble trop mes ennuis.
Je ne saurais me voir, dans ce miroir fidèle,
Ni telle que j'étais, ni telle que je suis."

The idea of presenting the mirror to Venus, "puisqu'elle est toujours belle," is derived from an epigram on the same subject by Julianus (Anth. Palat. vi. 18), which concludes :

Ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, Κυθέρεια, δέχου νεότητος ἑταῖρον
δίσκον, ἐπεὶ μορφὴ σὴ χρόνον οὐ τρομέει.

LXXIII.—*A ninefold scroll of amorous poesy.* The Δαφνιακά, a collection of short love poems in nine books, the first work of Agathias. It is now lost.

LXXVI.—*The Zephyr's shell.* The first distich of this epigram is usually read :

Κόγχος ἐγώ, Ζεφυρῖτί, παλαίτερον· ἀλλὰ σὺ νῦν με,
Κύπρι, Σεληναίης ἄνθεμα πρῶτον ἔχεις.

But the Nautilus did not cease to be a shell on being dedicated to Venus. The emendation πάλαι τέρας is very frigid. By reading Ζεφυροῖο for Ζεφυρῖτι all becomes clear, and a beautiful thought is elicited. The Nautilus is called the shell of Zephyrus because wafted by his breath, as subsequently described. We also escape the awkwardness of the double address to Venus, as Ζεφυρῖτις in the first line, and as Κύπρις in the second.—*Iulis.* A town on the island of Ceos.—*Arsinoe.* The sister and consort of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was deified under the title of Venus Arsinoe, and to whom a temple was erected on the promontory Zephyrium; whence she is called Zephyritis.—*Has polished me.* We have adopted the interpretation of οἷδε γὰρ ἐσθλὰ ῥέζειν proposed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxiv.

LXXXVII.—The gluttony of Hercules was the constant theme of the comic poets. See the "Birds" of Aristophanes, *sub finem*, and Epigram CLIX. of this collection.

LXXXVIII.—*This Tallæan mount.* In Crete.

XC.—Χαλκίδας ἦν δὲ φέρῃς, φίλ', ἀκανθίδας, ἤ τινα θρίσσαν,
εὐάγρει· λιθίναν οὐ γὰρ ἔχω φάρυγα.
Anth. Palat. vi. 304.

XCIV.—*Great Pan.* The text of this epigram is corrupt, and it does not appear from it to what deity Cleiton's offering was made. The name of Pan, with αἰγινομεύ, or some corresponding epithet, is probably latent in the unintelligible word ἀμφινομέων. Apollonidas, the author, is incorrectly called Apollodorus in Smith's "Dictionary of Classical Biography." He lived in the time of Tiberius: and it may be here remarked that the omission of his numerous and excellent epigrams from the Anthology of Philippus is an

indication that the latter writer flourished under Augustus, and not under Trajan.

XCV.—*Leaping lover of the rain.* Jacobs' emendation, *ἅλμασιν* for *λιβάσι*.

CIII.—The first four verses of this epigram have been omitted, and the last verse altered. The entire piece is thus translated by Major Macgregor:

"The earth is lately turned, and, yet in bloom,
The garlands shake their green leaves o'er a tomb:
To read the scroll, stoop, traveller, and see
Whose the white bones beneath which hidden be.
'O stranger, Aretemias is my name,
In Cnidus born, to Euphron's bed I came;
I had my share of mother-pains on earth,
And having borne two children at a birth,
One have I left my husband's age to stay,
And one, his image, bear with me away.'"

CIV.—*A bride.* This interpretation of *νύμφη* is justified by the circumstance of Baucis having died on the day of her marriage (Anth. Palat. vii. 712).

CVII.—This pathetic and fanciful epigram probably has reference to some work of art. We read, with Salmasius, *ἐμβαίνοντι* for *ἐκβαίνοντι*.

CXVI.—The epitaph of which this is a paraphrase seems to have been meant in all seriousness. It was found at Cyzicus. *Ecce iterum Crispinus:*

Ἥμην στολάρχης Ποντικῶν νεῶν ἐγὼ
ἐξηρέτμοις πτέρυξιν ἐξηγαλμένων,
ἀνὰ στρατὸν Κρισπῖνος εὐκλεὴς ἀνήρ·
Ῥάβεννα δ ἦν μοι πατρὶς, ἀρχαῖα πόλις.
ἔγνως τίς ἤμην, καὶ τίνος γένους κυρῶ.
λοιπὸν φυλάσσου, μή τιν' ἐνθήσῃς τάφῳ.
δίκην θ' ὑφέξῃς παρανόμως τυμβωρυχῶν,
φίσκῳ τε δώσῃς ***** B καὶ τῇ πόλει ***** A.

CXVII.—*We have beer.* In the original, *πελλαίου βοῦς μίγας εἰν Ἀΐδῃ.* We may be excused for having turned the infernal beef into infernal beer, as the learned themselves do not understand this line, and can only explain it by conjecturing that *πελλαίος* may have been the name of a small coin, not mentioned elsewhere. Charidas is supposed to have been a sceptical philosopher, who is ironically represented as maintaining his opinions after his death; as Dr. Saul Ascher, in Heine's "Reisebilder," rises from the grave to argue against the existence of ghosts.

CXXII.—*Lift his limy rods.* "The sportsman first hung the cage with his call-bird on the bough of a tree, under which, or at some convenient distance from it, he contrived to conceal himself; and when a bird, attracted by the singing of its companion, perched on the branches, he quietly inserted his rod amongst the boughs, until it reached his prey, which stuck to the lime, and was thus drawn to the ground."—RICH, *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, s. v. Arundo.*

CXXIV.—This epigram in its present shape is made up out of two: one by Agathias, denouncing vengeance against the feline delinquent; the other by Damocharis, from which it would appear that the menace was not executed, as Pussy is accused of having contracted a taste for partridges, and of neglecting her legitimate food to such a degree that the mice came and dined off her plate.—*Canine raveners, whose ways are sin.* The writer was an inhabitant of Constantinople, where dogs have always been held in slight esteem.—*For one guiltless life shall nine be paid.* The threat is differently expressed in the original, the plurality of feline lives being one of the few things *not* known to the ancients.

CXXVII.—*A drachm.* Ninepence three farthings of our money if the Attic, fourpence more if the Æginetan drachma be understood.

CXXXVI.—Anth. Palat. xi. 358:

Ῥουφινιανὸς Ῥοῦφος ὢν δισύλλαβος
συνεξέτεινε τοῖς κακοῖς τὰς συλλαβάς.

Cf. Lucian in Somnio, § 14: *Εἰπατε, ἔφη, τῷ πτώχῳ τούτῳ μὴ κατασμικρύνειν μου τοὔνομα· οὐ γὰρ Σίμων ἀλλὰ Σιμωνίδης ὀνομάζομαι.*

CXXXVIII.—See Meleager's poetical introduction to his Anthology, where each writer represented in the selection is compared to a flower (Anth. Palat. iv. 1).

CXXXIX.—"I made a compact with a kindred soul
For mutual interchange of puffery.
Gods! how we blew each other!"
FIRMILIAN.

CXL.—The thought is Schopenhauer's, "Parerga und Paralipomena," ii. § 226.

CXLIV.—The original refers to a rhetorical or grammatical victory (Anth. Palat. xi. 386):

Στυγνὴν τὴν Νίκην τις ἰδὼν κατὰ τὴν πόλιν ἐχθὲς,
εἶπε· Θεὰ Νίκη, τίπτε πέπονθας ἄρα;
ἡ δ' ἀποδυρομένη καὶ μεμφομένη κρίσιν, εἶπεν·
οὐκ ἔγνως σὺ μόνος; Πατρικίῳ δέδομαι.

CXLVII.—An anecdote of Paine.

CXLIX.—Founded on an anecdote of the late Emperor of Austria.

CLII.—A *bon-mot* of Simonides.

CLVII.—Imitated from the charming anonymous epigram (Anth. Palat. xi. 3):

Ἤθελον ἂν πλουτεῖν, ὡς πλούσιος ἦν πότε Κροῖσος,
καὶ βασιλεὺς εἶναι τῆς μεγάλης Ἀσίης.
ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐμβλέψω Νικάνορα τὸν σοροπηγὸν,
καὶ γνῶ, πρὸς τί ποιεῖ ταῦτα τὰ γλωσσόκομα,
ἀκτὴν ποῦ πάσσας, καὶ ταῖς κοτύλαις ὑποβρέξας,
τὴν Ἀσίην πωλῶ πρὸς μύρα καὶ στεφάνους.

CLVIII.—Suggested by the graceful and solitary epigram of Antigonus Carystius, on a frog drowned in a silver cup filled with wine and water (Anth. Palat. ix. 406):

> Ἀργυρέη κρήνη με, τὸν οὐκέτι μακρὰ βοῶντα
> βάτραχον, οἰνηραῖς χεῦεν ὑπὸ σταγόσι.
> κεῖμαι δ' ἐν Νύμφαις, κείναις φίλος, οὐδὲ Λυαίῳ
> ἐχθρὸς, ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρων λουόμενος σταγόσιν.
> ὀψὲ πότ' εἰς Διόνυσον ἐκώμασα. φεῦ· τίνες ὕδωρ
> πίνουσιν, μανίην σῶφρονα μαινόμενοι ;

CLIX.—"His (Gwythno's) several pursuits composed a very harmonious triad. The chase conduced to the good cheer of the feast, and to the good appetite which consumed it; the feast inspired the song; and the song gladdened the feast, and celebrated the chase."—*The Misfortunes of Elphin*, by T. L. Peacock, ch. I.

CLXIII.—*This tesselated board.* Probably a kind of backgammon board, like that on which the Emperor Zeno made the remarkable throw which Agathias has described without rendering intelligible (Anth. Palat. ix. 482).

CLXVI.—Paraphrase of a Jewish saying translated in Mr. Deutsch's celebrated essay on the Talmud in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. cxxiii. p. 461).

THE END.

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